

## Every New Thing by Luddleston

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**Summary:**

*"Achilles and I would like to try something different with you," Patroclus said, which had Zagreus eagerly squirming in their grasp and trying to hide the fact that he was doing so.*

*"You don't have to agree," Achilles said quickly. "It's a bit unconventional."*

The 'unconventional' thing that Achilles and Patroclus want to try turns out to be just... a blowjob. Zagreus, after spending all too long trying to figure out what's kinky about a blowjob, realizes that mortals have very different ideas about what's considered sexually taboo.

## Every New Thing

### Author's Note:

- For [cryogenia](#).

Thank you to my dearest dr. guhdong for this extremely wonderful prompt, I so enjoy writing awkward things and sexual inexperience so this was perfect!

If you're wondering wtf's going on here, apparently it was super uncommon in ancient greece for men to do any kind of penetrative sex with other men, so pretty much anything beyond thighfucking would be weird for them. (Most of my experience with this is secondhand based on listening to my roomie's notes from her ancient greek & roman sexuality class.)

The application of this to hadesgame patrochilles is just fuckin hilarious bc we all know Zag gets into some kinky shit, so here we are!!

Zagreus had always felt a certain lightness whenever he came across the door to Patroclus' chamber in Elysium, but that feeling intensified now that Achilles was often there, too. Each of them was improved by the other's presence—Achilles a little less transparent, Patroclus no longer quite so prone to slouching and moping around. Best of all, they looked *happy*, happier than Zagreus had ever seen them. And he was thrilled to have had something to do with that.

And maybe he was a little more than adjacently involved in their good mood.

He was slightly battered when he came upon the doorway to their chamber, having perhaps upped the Pact of Punishment a little too high (Chaos hadn't helped, either). He breathed an especially heavy sigh of relief when Achilles rushed to his side, because he certainly wasn't getting up those stairs alone, not after the mess that arrow had made of his calf.

Patroclus liked to say he didn't fuss over Zagreus, but he most certainly did. Today it was, "you really shouldn't have yanked the arrow out like that," followed by, "if he'd aimed a little lower you'd resemble your mentor more than usual."

"Pat." Achilles said it like he wanted to accompany it with jabbing Patroclus in the side with his elbow, but he was graciously allowing Zagreus to lie with his head in his lap while Patroclus prodded at his wound and swore it would help.

It usually did help, but the prodding was no more comfortable for it.

The one marked improvement in Patroclus treating his wounds was that Achilles would run his fingers through Zagreus' hair or rub his shoulders or kiss his cheeks while Patroclus fussed.

And, after Patroclus was satisfied with his work and gave Zagreus a HydraLite to fix the lingering damage, Patroclus would gather Zagreus into his arms and kiss him, soft and sweet at first, drawing things out until Zagreus ran short on patience. Achilles, at his back, would clasp his arms around Zagreus' waist and—rather than waiting for his turn—would begin to lay kisses down the length of Zagreus' neck and the start of his shoulder. Eventually they would trade places, and find new ways to encourage Zagreus to stay right where he was while the healing took effect.

The first time they'd done this to him, he'd been glad the next door he'd walked through led to a fountain chamber, because fighting through another round of shades while that aroused would be a nightmare. He'd been equally glad that nobody decided to drop by the fountain while Zagreus was, erm. Occupying it.

The second time, he'd plucked up the confidence to ask Achilles and Patroclus to finish the job. They did so eagerly, Achilles kissing him while Patroclus stroked him off, both of them willing and appreciative when Zagreus offered to return the favor.

And now, this was how things stood for the three of them. They would often touch him but they never went further, save for the one time Achilles

fucked Zagreus' thighs while Patroclus watched (that particular occasion was a little fuzzy in his mind because it'd happened after they'd split a bottle of ambrosia). They had done nothing further, which Zagreus was content with—he'd never even thought he would get to this point with the two of them, to be completely honest. And perhaps there were some acts of lovemaking that the two of them reserved only for one another.

At least, this was the assumption Zagreus was currently functioning under.

He was breathing hard when Achilles pulled away, and he knew he was red to his chest. It took him a long moment to refocus his eyes, and he had to reach up to brush off a strand of Achilles' hair that had gotten stuck to his lower lip somehow.

"You have to touch me, sir, or I'll..." he wasn't sure what the end of that sentence was, and after all, Achilles had, to some degree, acquiesced. He was rubbing Zagreus through his leggings, enough pressure to steal the rest of Zagreus' sentence.

"Actually, lad, I wanted to ask you something." He was quiet for a moment, and Zagreus realized he was looking over his shoulder at Patroclus, as if for encouragement.

"Achilles and I would like to try something different with you," Patroclus said, which had Zagreus eagerly squirming in their grasp and trying to hide the fact that he was doing so.

"You don't have to agree," Achilles said quickly. "It's a bit unconventional."

"I like unconventional," Zagreus said, his mind already racing with ideas of what it could be. He'd mentioned Meg and her whip before, right? So it couldn't be anything like that, they'd already know he liked it and wouldn't hesitate to ask. Perhaps Zagreus being the dominant one in such an arrangement, then? He certainly might be over his head if they asked him to do something like that.

Achilles was worrying his lower lip between his teeth, his brows set with concern. Even Patroclus, who ordinarily couldn't care about what anybody

thought of him, wouldn't meet Zagreus' eyes. It must have been something *really* unusual, then. "I meant what I said," Achilles repeated, "you needn't agree to do it just because... we won't think less of you if you decline."

"Of course you wouldn't. I swear, you can tell me, I won't mind." There was a bit of a bite in it, despite his attempt to be patient with their hesitation. He was still quite riled up and desperately wanted their hands on him. "If it's too much, we can just do what we've been doing."

"Thank you for being so understanding, lad, it's just... it's something we did together in life, but we'd never ask it of another man." Achilles' hand petted his thigh, and Zagreus may have shifted a bit in his grasp so that it bumped against his cock a little.

What *was* this forbidden desire of theirs? Was it something like what Ares was always insinuating, a little more than Zagreus' preferred combination of pain and pleasure? Something more violent than playful? He wasn't inclined to enjoy that, but he thought he might try it if it was Achilles and Patroclus administering the punishment.

"Achilles. Beloved. Spit it out," Patroclus said.

"Pat—" Achilles began, aggravated.

"It really can't be that difficult to ask a man if you can suck his cock," Patroclus said, doing that thing with his eyes wherein he wasn't quite rolling them but looked like he wanted to.

Zagreus was mostly stuck on what he'd just said.

"Well, now you've gone and done it for me," Achilles said.

Patroclus leaned over and patted his cheek. "It was necessary. You'd never get the words out."

Zagreus sat up, craning around so that he faced Achilles. "You want to suck my cock?"

Achilles was more flustered than Zagreus had ever seen him, the tips of his ears standing out bright red against his hair. "I... I know it isn't something we've ever done before."

"Well, no. We've not done that, no. But I wouldn't mind it," Zagreus said. Achilles looked deeply relieved, which baffled him even further. "Is that, uh—is that all? Is there anything else that you wanted me to do?" There must have been. They had to be planning to tie him up and blindfold him while they did it, or perhaps Achilles wanted Zagreus to fuck his throat or be otherwise rough with him.

"Oh, of course! We wouldn't expect you to reciprocate," Achilles said.

*And why not?* Zagreus wondered, but there were times to ask such a thing, and they were not while Patroclus was trying to ease his leggings off slowly, as if Zagreus might not notice.

"Please sir," he said instead, "have me as you wish."

'As Achilles wished' turned out to be Zagreus sitting on Patroclus' lap—Patroclus also seemed to like this because it put him at the perfect space to lean down and whisper into Zagreus' ear, describing in his soft voice how much Achilles had wanted his cock, how the both of him had been picturing him like this. Achilles reclined before them, nuzzling into Zagreus' thigh before pulling back for a second, pulling a short leather strap from around his wrist.

Was this the unconventional part? Meg had once tied something about the base of Zagreus' cock to keep him from coming, and had kept him on edge for hours, until he was begging for orgasm. That had been nice, he wouldn't mind if it was that.

Apparently, it was not that, because Achilles was just using the strap to tie his hair back, out of his face.

That image was also gorgeous and extremely arousing, and meant that the next time Achilles put his hair up, Zagreus would be unable to keep from getting hard.

The first touch of Achilles' mouth to the head of his cock had Zagreus shifting in Patroclus' lap, which made Patroclus chuckle, low and warm, holding a little tighter to Zagreus' hips to keep him from fucking forward into Achilles' mouth.

"I'm sure you're eager for this, but do try to keep still. Achilles hasn't done this in quite some time." Patroclus kissed the side of his neck, and Zagreus shivered, his hands clasping and unclasping around nothing.

"Gods, really? I'd be begging to do it all the time if it was your cock, sir," he said. He'd touched Patroclus' cock, it was thick enough to fill up his mouth and long enough that he'd choke around it if he wasn't careful. Maybe that's why Achilles didn't do this often.

"Keep talking like that, and I might be inclined to let you," Patroclus said.

Achilles took the whole of Zagreus' cock in one smooth motion, an act that was much more easy to perform on Zagreus than it would be for either of them. Zagreus moaned, wanting to close his eyes from the feel of it but forcing himself to look, because *fuck*.

Achilles was beautiful like this.

Even though he'd tied his hair back there were strands escaping, framing his lovely face and the way his lips parted around Zagreus' cock. His eyes were half-closed and hazy, color high in his cheeks as he clearly enjoyed this almost as much as Zagreus did. His knuckles were white, his grip on Zag's thigh tight enough that Zag was going to bruise. Pity the marks wouldn't stay after he died.

The act itself, though...

It wasn't that Achilles was *bad* at this, it was just... well. Perhaps he was just bad at this. Zagreus wouldn't really know; he didn't sleep with many people and Meg was good at literally everything she did, so perhaps it just took a lot for a mortal to get as well-practiced at this as she was.

Or perhaps Achilles truly wasn't very good at this.

Zagreus wanted to instruct him, almost. *Vary your speed a bit, or put your fingers in me while you do it*, but honestly, he just looked so lovely down there, Zagreus didn't want to do anything to stop him.

Zagreus came, of course he did, because Patroclus was touching him the entire time and because it was *Achilles*, and Zagreus had been fantasizing about Achilles doing this to him for ages. Achilles choked a little and spluttered through it which was absolutely endearing in its awkwardness, and Zagreus cupped his face, wiping a smear of his come from Achilles' lip.

"Achilles, I'm sorry—I should have warned you," he said, biting down on his lower lip so he didn't giggle. It was rare that he saw Achilles this bewildered.

"But he looks so good like that," Patroclus said, hooking his chin over Zagreus' shoulder and watching Achilles. It was how he'd been positioned while he came, watching Achilles and grinding against Zagreus' ass.

"I can't deny that." Zagreus brushed a few strands of Achilles' hair that had escaped his ponytail away. "And how should I return the favor, Sir?"

"Oh, you needn't do so," Achilles said, breathy and raw and *gods*, Zagreus could do to hear him like that more often. *We wouldn't expect you to reciprocate*, Achilles had said.

Perhaps he simply needed to prove that he wanted this. "Sir, I wouldn't mind—"

"No, I mean, you don't *need* to," Achilles said.

Oh? *Oh*.

"You already—?"

"Yes."

Huh. Now there was something.



Zagreus had always been bad at letting something go once he'd thought it, though, and so after they'd spent a moment together and Zagreus had begrudgingly begun the process of getting dressed, he said, "I really will return the favor," he said. "Next time. I want to get my mouth on you, sir." Cheeky, like he wasn't gently prodding Achilles to admit why he'd said he hadn't expected reciprocation. Patroclus would probably see through it, but maybe he would keep quiet on that until Achilles answered.

He did not.

"You're our prince," he said, shrugging. "Close as our relationship may be, we wouldn't want to..."

"Wouldn't want to *what*?" At this point, he was so baffled he was nearly angry, frustrated with his own inability to understand their strange reluctance.

"Wouldn't want to *degrade you* like that," Achilles said, sounding so deeply upset even at the prospect that Zagreus hesitated in re-doing his belt.

He looked between the two of them, then at his belt, which he was still holding, his thumb rubbing over one of the skulls. "Sir—Achilles. Do you really think I'd find that... degrading? I honestly can't see why."

"Can't you?" Achilles looked more confused than accusatory, which only baffled Zagreus further.

"No? I mean, I've done that for Meg plenty of times. I like, uh... being on the receiving end of. Yeah." He took a breath, steadied himself, reminded himself he was going to have to be explicit in his wording with them. "I like to be fucked, and if that's not something you'd want to do with me, I would be perfectly fine with that, but please do not think it would make me feel degraded. Makes me feel pretty good, actually."

The look they gave him was somewhat baffled yet reverent, similar to how they'd looked at him after he'd first kissed them.

"I find..." Achilles was fidgety and awkward in a way Zagreus had never seen him before. "I believe mortals must have very different perceptions of sex than you do."

"I think that's quite obvious by now, my Achilles." Patroclus teased him and gentled him at once, his hand resting on Achilles' knee. "If you can spare another moment, stranger, come sit with us. We'll talk of the way things are between mortals, and you will tell us how it is done here. And by the end of it, I expect we'll all be wishing you could stay even longer, so that you might show us the way you treat a lover."

When he sat beside them, they pulled him in closer.

"So, you've *really* never done more than fucking one another's thighs?"

"I... yes, lad, but need you be so crude about it?"

"Ha. He does when you turn all red like that, Achilles."

Zagreus pulled Achilles into his lap and kissed down the length of his throat which, too, was flushed like Achilles was a blushing virgin. Zagreus had imagined a lot of things with the two of them, but had never imagined that he'd be the one with more experience in any form of intimacy. It made his head spin. It made his body fill with want.

"I could make you feel so good, sir," he said, pausing when Patroclus urged his head back to kiss him, too. His hand was warm and heavy on Zagreus' neck, not restricting his movement, but urging Zagreus where he wanted him. "I could make both of you feel so... I mean, if you'd want me to, um. Yeah."

"I'm inclined to ask you to take us both, right here, now," Patroclus said.

Oh, how he longed for that. "We'd need a bit more preparation for such things," Zagreus admitted. "But, there are plenty of those sorts of supplies in my room."

"If I recall, Achilles is the only one with access to that particular location."

Zagreus leaned his head back against Patroclus' chest, looking up at him. "Have a little faith, sir. I got Achilles to Elysium, I can certainly get you in my bed."

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He got Patroclus in his bed.

Rather, Nyx got Patroclus in his bed, because try as he might, Zagreus was never going to be able to comprehend the intricacies of the administrative chamber.

Whoever had enabled it, Zagreus was certainly overcome by the sight of Achilles and Patroclus together in his bed, twined in one another and trading slow, deep kisses. He was half-tempted just to leap onto the bed and get them off in their usual fashion, grinding against one another until they were panting and slick with sweat and other fluids.

*Patience*, Zagreus reminded himself. He need not rush into this.

"Where should I start with the two of you?" he asked himself, standing on the rug at the end of his bed. He'd shoved the trunk that customarily sat there out of the way so that he'd have room. If he was going to be kneeling before them, which he absolutely intended to, the rug would be a much more comfortable surface than the floor.

He leaned his palms on the mattress, watching them intently as they broke apart and seemed to remember he was there. All three of them had stripped before they got into bed, which was a request from Achilles who, quote, *did not want to wait the approximate aeon it took Patroclus to remove his clothes while distracted*.

"I think you ought to start with me," Patroclus said. "Not out of selfishness, but because Achilles is prone to falling asleep as soon as he comes."

"I am not."

Patroclus gave Achilles his most unimpressed, flattest stare, and said nothing.

"It was one time," Achilles grumbled.

"It was not."

"It was, perhaps, a few times, and on all of these occasions, I might add, I had been on a battlefield or training all day. I likely would have fallen asleep whether or not I..." He paused, and cleared his throat. "Anyhow. I will not fall asleep."

Patroclus scoffed, waving away Achilles' protests. "Yes, you will."

"*Patroclus*. Lad, start with him not because of any of that, but because I'd like to see you rid him of all his composure."

Zagreus wasn't certain if he could do that—Patroclus was quite well-composed—but he was eager to try.

He kissed Patroclus first, falling into the familiar sensation while urging Patroclus closer to the edge of the bed. They'd discussed limits beforehand (Zagreus had learned something from Meg, it seemed), and the two of them weren't quite ready for Zagreus to fuck them, but they had agreed to this... and to the one other thing.

"Achilles, pass me that?" he asked, pointing to the glass jar on the shelf behind his bed, wedged between two different stacks of books, both of which he'd only read parts of before he became distracted with something else.

Achilles handed him the oil, which he set on the rug beside him as he got to his knees, leaning his chin on Patroclus' knee and looking coquettishly up at him. Patroclus smiled, leaning back on his hands and looking over his shoulder. "Achilles, love, you must come sit beside me. I wouldn't want you to miss how lovely our prince is like this."

Achilles did, pressing himself against Patroclus' side, his feet nudging against Zagreus' shoulder. "He really is," he said, and Zagreus could feel a little tremor go through Achilles as Zagreus set a hand on his thigh.

Even the smallest touches made him shake, it was if he'd never had anyone's hands on him before. Zagreus hooked a hand below Achilles' knee and rested it there as he leaned in, stroking Patroclus' cock a few times and then following one downward stroke with his lips. He sucked just enough to tease as he pulled back, tonguing at the head on his way. It was Patroclus' turn to shiver, and he leaned heavy against Achilles.

"Gods, you're thick." Zagreus worked his jaw, knowing that sucking Patroclus off was going to stretch it. He wet his lips and exhaled heavy through his nose before leaning back in, still holding the base of Patroclus' cock. He lowered his mouth until his lips met his hand, moving a little slower than he ordinarily would, half-anticipating Patroclus to jerk forward and fuck into his throat. Pat always was the more aggressive one in their relationship, but he held himself perfectly still for Zagreus, barely even breathing.

Huh. Zagreus supposed he'd have to work a little harder to get a reaction out of him. He removed his hand, taking Patroclus' cock all the way into his throat, and when he swallowed, Patroclus bit out a curse.

"Ah, you're good at this." His hand came to rest on Zagreus' head, settling at the back, fingers digging into Zagreus' hair even though it was too short to really pull. He was probably used to Achilles, Zagreus realized.

"He took you so easily," Achilles said, a little bit of wonder in it. Zagreus squeezed Achilles' knee, acknowledging his compliment. "I wonder where in the world our prince learned to do such things."

Zagreus had to pull back to answer, "this bedroom, obviously."

"Gods, Zagreus. The things that does to your voice," Achilles said. Zag supposed he was already a little hoarse.

"He hasn't even come near wrecking me," he said. "Anyway, Patroclus, you don't have to be so still. If you move a little further forward, I can get my fingers in you, too."

Achilles' flush *distinctly* deepened, even the idea of penetration scandalizing him.

"Only if you still want it," Zagreus said. Best not to scare the innocent mortal flowers.

Patroclus was rarely hesitant, but it took him a moment to shift forward, perching on the very edge of the bed so that Zagreus would be able to reach beneath him. It made his abdomen flex, and Zagreus licked up the center of the line of muscle before dipping back to lick up the length of Patroclus' cock, just playing a little, kissing and pushing the head of it in and out of his mouth while his hands busied themselves with the oil. Patroclus' hips did jerk forward a bit then, enough that the head of his cock pushed against the inside of Zagreus' cheek.

Achilles was gripping Patroclus' hip so hard Patroclus might have bruised, although it wouldn't show on his skin the way it did on Zag's. Zagreus stroked slick fingers around Patroclus' rim, swallowing around his cock again so that the sensation of his mouth would distract Patroclus from what his fingers were doing.

When he pushed his forefinger in, Patroclus moaned, louder than Zagreus had ever heard him. The answering noise Zagreus responded with must have felt good around his cock, because Patroclus drove his hips forward again, fucking into Zagreus' throat, and would have made him choke if that reflex had not long-since been trained out of him.

Zagreus set his free hand on Achilles' thigh again, just resting there, not really able to stroke and calm him because he was focusing on fucking Patroclus as gently as he could. He'd started working his finger in and out, getting him used to the sensation, but it'd be *really* good just as soon as he could press a little deeper...

"*Fuck!*" It was sharp and broken, unexpected from even-toned Patroclus. "He's better at this than you are," he said to Achilles, who laughed.

"I'm not surprised by that," Achilles agreed.

Now, this was a new thing. The two of them talking about him as if he was not right there getting them off, and Zagreus unable to answer because his mouth was incredibly preoccupied.

"How does it feel, inside?" Achilles asked, kissing Patroclus before he could answer. Zagreus crooked his finger again, stroking over his prostate and keeping Patroclus from words for a little longer.

"It's... I—feels incredible." Patroclus groaned, dropping his head onto Achilles' shoulder. "Gods, you should feel him. You wouldn't last."

"I won't." Achilles shifted, and out of the corner of his eye Zagreus caught him palming his own cock. "I might not even get his mouth on me."

"Keep your hands off your cock, then," Patroclus said, and Achilles made a noise of distress but obeyed.

Zagreus pulled off only to ask, "can I put another in, sir?" His voice really *was* wrecked, now. Patroclus hadn't been particularly rough, but his cock was big enough that even a few hard thrusts made Zagreus hoarse.

"Yes, please, just—" Before he'd even finished the request, Zagreus had answered it, pushing his middle finger in alongside his first, curling both into his prostate without hesitation. The grip on the back of Zagreus' head tightened as Patroclus made to pull Zagreus back onto his cock. Not expecting this, Zagreus' head hadn't been angled properly and Patroclus' cock just rubbed against his cheek, but he opened his mouth and tilted his head correctly the second time, remaining still and letting Patroclus move him.

"*Pat*. I can't believe you," Achilles said, a note of horror as if Patroclus was doing something much, much worse than fucking Zagreus' mouth. Gods,

how would he respond when Zagreus finally convinced one of them to fuck his ass?

Zagreus tugged his fingers out so that Patroclus could focus on the feeling of his mouth more fully, although he did give his balls a squeeze on the way just to see how Patroclus reacted. The noise he made was almost wounded, and Zagreus would have to ask later if it was a good gasp or a bad one. For now, he was busy, intent on making Patroclus come.

Patroclus let go of his head when he lost concentration, too close to focus, and Zagreus pressed forward, sucking him down to the base and swallowing his come before he even tasted it.

He was *still* coming when Zagreus pulled back, some of it spilling over Zagreus' lower lip, mixing with his spit. Zagreus licked it off, his lips curling into a smile.

"So. That was good, yes?"

"Don't... *hah, fuck*—don't look so smug."

"I think I look just the right amount of smug," Zagreus said, well aware, at least, of how much Achilles liked him when he was pleased with himself.

"Don't torment me, either." Patroclus heaved a huge sigh and flopped backward, completely spread out on the mattress. "Achilles!" he cried, "I think we missed the opportunity to do so much more when we yet lived."

"I suppose we ought to make up for lost time, then," Achilles said, laying a hand on Zagreus' shoulder.

"Oh, yes, you really should." Patroclus groaned, passing a hand over his face, scratching his fingers through his beard on the way down. "Your lad is really quite something."

The look in Achilles' eyes when he said, "yes, that, I did know," was heartachingly fond.



Sweet, but Zagreus was looking less for sweet and more to fucking destroy him.

He gripped Achilles' hips, firm enough to keep him in place. "I'm not going to use my fingers with you, Achilles, because I think even that might be a bit much for you, just yet. We'll have to work you up to it."

"I think I can handle myself," said Achilles, who nearly screamed with pleasure as soon as Zagreus got his mouth around him.

*So much for handling himself*, thought Zagreus, as he hummed his laughter around Achilles' cock, which only made him cry out harder.

Achilles' cock was easier to swallow, not quite as long or as thick as Patroclus', but it still filled up Zagreus' mouth *so well*. As soon as Zagreus got Achilles in his mouth he could already taste his pre-come, Achilles having been so worked up watching Patroclus fuck Zagreus' mouth.

Patroclus did not move except to reach up and pat Achilles on the back. "It's alright, love, you might as well give up and come right away."

"Pat," Achilles gritted out.

"I'm only saying, you're known for your stamina on the battlefield, not in the bedroom."

Zagreus spluttered and had to pull off to laugh, leaning his head against Achilles' thigh while Achilles swatted at Patroclus and told him, "oh! You're terrible!"

"I only speak the truth."

"Look what you've done," Achilles said, referring to the fact that Zagreus was laughing far too hard to use his mouth for anything else. He tried to catch his breath, smacking at Achilles' thigh, and pulled his head up with no small amount of giggling.

"I'm sorry, sir, it's just..." Zagreus took a deep breath and tried not to laugh again. "I'm not trying to offend you, I promise."

"Oh, if anyone's offended me it's Patroclus," Achilles said. Patroclus threw a pillow, which hit Achilles in the side of the head. He didn't seem to notice or perhaps just did not care. "No, I'd just like you to go back to what you were doing. And yes, I... I probably will not last long."

"Probably a good thing," Zagreus said, kissing the head of his cock and running his hand up and down Achilles' thigh. "My jaw's going to be sore enough already."

"Do you need to—"

Zagreus was dangerously sure the next word was going to be 'stop,' which he neither needed nor wanted to do, so he answered by deep-throating Achilles again, and did not let up until Achilles, too, was clutching the back of Zagreus' head and rocking up against him. Unlike Patroclus, who tried to remain still except for the occasional sharp jerk, Achilles moved in a constant tide of little rocking thrusts, fucking Zagreus' face through his orgasm, head tossed back, mouth open in a cry that might've wanted to be Zagreus' name before it was lost in the midst of Achilles' ecstasy.

Achilles, too, slumped backward after Zagreus finished him, but not without dragging Zagreus up and after him, wedging him between the two of them.

"And how did you enjoy debasing your prince?" Patroclus asked Achilles, his hand already sneaking around Zagreus' hip to reach for his cock. Zagreus gratefully pushed into his hold, ready to ride Patroclus' callused hand to completion.

"I could, perhaps, stand to debase my prince a little bit more," Achilles said. He kissed Zagreus languidly, as if he really was going to fall asleep, and when Zagreus slipped his tongue into Achilles' mouth, he pulled back. "Oh... I can taste it in your mouth."

"*Hah*, yeah, I can still taste you both," Zagreus said, arching against Patroclus, who had seen fit to slip his thigh between Zagreus' legs, spreading them as if he was really going to fuck Zagreus.

Well, then. Perhaps it might not be as difficult as Zagreus would have assumed to get them to fuck him.

"Do you want me to finish things just like this?" Patroclus asked him, his voice low and his lips moving against the back of Zagreus' neck. "We ought to give you whatever you want and more, for that."

"This," Zagreus said. "I want this."

"Then you will have this," Patroclus said. "Lean back against me, don't bother with Achilles, he's already falling asleep."

"Am not."

Zagreus laughed, and let Patroclus take care of him.

**Author's Note:**

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